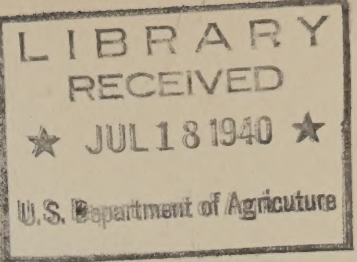


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## "GROWING PAYNES"

Spring and Summer 1940



Here comes something we hope you have been looking for, -- lots of news from each other and a few gleanings from the Washington office. You will hear of one new Payne grandchild, and the distinct sound of rustling wings, -- the wings of a well-known bird charged with the bringing of another little bundle to the home of a former "Payne" late in the summer. Whispers of two approaching marriages and the buying of farms and the building of houses will make you pause a moment and think, "Well, the 'Paynes' are really 'Growing'".

This introduction is intended to make you, like Alice in Wonderland become "curiouser and curiouser."

Here's what you're looking for--

PAYNE KILLER

\*\*\*\*\*JAMES P OTTS\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*BARN A RD JOY\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*MAX CUL P \*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*KENNETH A NDERSON\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*WIL M ER BASSETT\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*GEORG E HARRIS\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*RUTH DU R RENBERGER\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*BLANCH E BROBEIL\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*WINIFRE D PERRY\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*LILL I AN MURPHY\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*MARGARE T LATIMER\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*RUTH LO H MANN\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*ED W IN MATZEN\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*MILDRED I VES\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*ANDY CO L EBANK\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*ESTHER FRIE S TH\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*MARY T O DD\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*KEITH JO N ES\*\*\*\*\*



Mary Todd, Home Demonstration Agent, Carroll County, Carrollton, Ga.

Mary has just had a well earned rest in Florida, and has come back with a new zest for Carroll County and all it holds, -- her clubs and contests, her grown-up girls and gardens. Mary has 2,000 club members this year, and we understand she is so much appreciated in the county that the pay envelope is now a bit heavier, and she is surrounded by new office furniture and more assistants. Our own opinion is that Carroll County heard about that offer from a neighboring State. But Mary is loyal to Carroll County, and there she is staying for the present. You didn't need a vacation in Florida in order to keep your enthusiasm for the "finest young man you have ever known", did you, Mary? Cupid certainly does get about the country. And his little wings look so weak, too.

Mary, Mary, wise and wary,  
How does you club work go?  
Something tells  
That wedding bells  
May ring out 'ere we know.

Andy Colebank, Associate Marketing Specialist, Dairy Section of the A.A.A.,  
Washington, D. C.

Vanishing Andy is still a fugitive from a pursuing "Payne" interviewer. But unannounced, we called on him in his office in the South Building, the other day, accompanied by Lillian and Wilmer. Andy was looking very well, and surprisingly youthful for his position as head of nine generations of "Paynes." We had a pleasant little "talkfest" and an interesting piece of news as a reward for our office crashing. There is and has been since last June 24th a "Mrs. Andy", formerly Celia Blasek of Madison, Wisconsin. She was a student at Wisconsin while Andy was researching in the Agricultural



Economics Department there. To these two go our congratulations and very good wishes. Andy is co-author of United States Department of Agriculture Circular 527, which is the report of a survey covering the organization in the dairy industry, made by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and the University of Wisconsin. Anything one would want to know about the country's leading dairy companies, price-making and competitive conditions, plant and supply costs, profit margins, and general operating efficiencies of this industry can be found right here in Andy's little book. It's really staggering!

1932-33

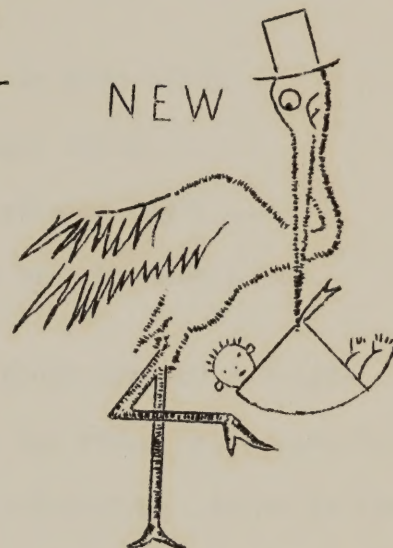
Margaret Latimer, Assistant State Club Leader, Fargo, N. Dak.

Margaret writes from Mandan, North Dakota, where she was snow-bound on April 3. Can you imagine that? She couldn't get to her meeting that day. The icy roads covered with a thick layer of snow, and more snow falling made too hazardous the undertaking of several miles of driving, even for a seasoned driver like Margaret. She is going in for recreation in a big way, recently, even serving on the board of directors for an interstate Recreation Leaders' Laboratory. We enjoyed visiting with Margaret while all the "re-uning" was going on last summer. She is always so well poised and apparently at ease. By the way, Margaret, a certain man, -- interesting looking and prematurely silver thatched, -- seems happy to talk about you when we chance to meet. He "lights up" just like a Neon sign when your name is mentioned. Is this another secret being kept from your "Aunt George"?



George Harris, State Extension Dairy Specialist, College of Agriculture,  
University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.

Dairy extension work in Kentucky is still being ably handled by our old friend George, with the assistance of Mr. J. B. Smathers. So we may be assured that all goes well with dairying down "Blue Grass Way." Something tells us that George and Mrs. Harris after this summer will be more than ever interested in pure dairy products, particularly as they affect the very young consumer. Yes, that's it! The Harrises are cherubargaining.



1933-34

Esther Friesth, (Mrs. Webster Intermill), Laona, Wisc.

Esther and her husband have just returned to their home in Wisconsin from a trip to Hot Springs and Little Rock, Arkansas. Spring, in her northward march reached these places long before she reached Laona, so our travelers on one day were in the land of flowers and sunshine and soothing 80-degree temperature, and two days afterward were back home battling a snowstorm at 12 degrees below zero. The Wintermills took the baths, had a little fun with the horses, and altogether enjoyed a much-needed playtime. So you have become a bowling enthusiast, Esther? They do say bowling is fine for that plus poundage which will creep upon us unaware. We would love to see your little daughter, Esther, and we shall expect you to bring her when you come to Washington on that long-promised trip. Why are we not favored with a picture of the child, such as that given your "Fellow Fellow"?



Barnard Joy, Agriculturist, Section of Surveys and Reports, Extension Service, Washington, D. C.



A H O Y! A BOY!

In all of life's gold there is no more alloy,  
Now stories of Cantor no longer annoy,  
There's really and truly a "bundle of Joy", --  
For along came the stork and brought them a boy.


On February 28 at Garfield Hospital there arrived a 7-1/2-pound baby brother for Jean and Betty Joy. Of course the young man's name is Barnard D. Joy, Junior, and naturally, great is the re-Joy-cing. Added to the several studies now "in the mill" Barnard Senior is gathering data for a new study, called, "Analysis of Trends in the Growth of a Boy."

1934-35

Mildred Ives, (Mrs. Carlton Matthews,) Home Management Supervisor, Farm Security Administration, Elizabeth City, N. C.

Some time last summer Mildred deserted Extension for the Farm Security Administration. She acts for that organization in much the same capacity as in Extension, except for the difference in title, and the fact that her work covers the counties of Perquimans and Pasquotank, N. C. Mildred likes her new work very well, but we know she will never forget Extension, her official Alma Mater. She and "Chick" are no longer landlooking, as that has been taken care of a couple of years ago. Their's is a fine, fertile acreage where vegetables just shriek to be grown

are househopping, and study  
their spare moments. Cape Cod  
Early American, or a combination  
considered; fireplaces or none; step-down living room or even floor levels;



Now the Matthews' plans in all or Dutch Colonial, all are being



"to be or not to be, that is the question."

Eddie Matzen, Marketing Specialist, Purdue University, LaFayette, Indiana.

"LaFayette, he is here."

HOOSIER favorite coed out there at Purdue, Eddie? Don't tell us that you have been too busy holding those schools on Dairy Marketing and Egg Marketing to look about at the local lassies. Also don't neglect writing to Mildred, your partner in crime of 1934 and 1935, for she's counting on you, and would like to receive a little "notey." We, being a Hoosier born and bred, Eddie, are proud to give Indiana to you, and we are just as happy to introduce to the State of Writers and Basketball, one Eddie Matzen, "scholar and gentleman", late of Iowa, later of Washington, D. C., latest of Cornell. We know that Eddie will shine out there in Indiana just like the candlelight shines through the sycamore trees.

1935-36

Ruth Lohmann (Mrs. Beaman Smith), Atlanta, Michigan.

Ruth being brought up in Extension, so to speak, has it in the very marrow of her bones, and can't quite give it up. Temporarily, she has the position of Assistant State Club Leader in Michigan, with headquarters at East Lansing. However, she divides her time between that city and Washington. When she is here in Washington she acts as a special assistant to Miss Warren in club organization work. Ruth is planning to be back here within a few weeks, and we are sure that Club Camp will find Ruth making herself generally useful among the 4-H population in that City of White Tents shadowed by the Washington Monument, which each mid-June rises as if by magic, and a few days later, as



magically is levelled. (We shall trust to luck that Mr. Lehmann, Miss Mooney, and all those people who know there is no magic in the building of the Club Camp, do not see this. But surely they will not spoil our little flights of fancy). We are told that Ruth "has a way" with young turkeys, and that last summer she raised a nice, healthy flock of these fowls up there on the Smith farm near Atlanta, Michigan. And speaking of that farm, it must be a beautiful place. The land is on a bend of Thunder Bay River, and the picturesque farm house is located on a rise of ground looking toward the water in both directions. The spot is breath taking in its loveliness. Ruth has paraphrased the recently popular song, and sings, "A Farmstead With a View."

Jim Potts, Assistant State Boys' and Girls' 4-H Club Agent, College Station, Texas.

As one meaning for the noun "silence" the dictionary gives, "Withholding from written communication, especially in reply." For the verb "silence" it says, "To stun by a blow." Now, Jim, by "withholding from written communication in reply to our letter" you are dealing us a stunning blow. To learn what you are doing we shall just have to stop here and get your annual report, that "masterpiece" you mentioned some time ago.....

.....  
The dotted lines indicate the passage of an hour, during which time we have mastered the "masterpiece." Now that we know Texas Club Work is safe for Extension we can rest easily, even though expected news from friend Jim is so far withheld. The little valentine picture of Linda is sweet. Also thank you and Lillian for the anniversary remembering.



1936-37

Ruth Durrenberger, Home Demonstration Agent, Columbia County, Lake City, Fla.

Don't say we told you, but there seems to be much getting together of linens down there in Lake City, these days. And on the third finger of a dainty left hand is a lovely ring placed there by VAN-ta Glause at Christmas. It is of yellow gold with the large stone mounted squarely and a smaller stone on either side. It must be lovely! Of course secondary in interest is the fact that Ruth is busily engaged in the Land Use Planning Program down there in Columbia County. Judging by the number of rose bushes she is ordering for the women in that county, she is planning to make the countryside bloom like a rose. We hope Ruth's future will be just as roseate.



Taking Ad-VAN-tage of the Situation

May this just be the VAN-guard of many joys to be,  
And may that VAN-dal Father Time deal with you tenderly,  
May foes be VAN-quished from the start,  
May sorrows VAN-ish from your heart,  
And may you take good car-a-VAN. You will, that's plain to see.



Keith Jones, Grandview, Washington

Comes a combination letter from Keith to Ruth Lohmann Smith and "Aunt George" in which he says he has been sticking pretty close to the home fires since his trip to "points east" last summer. The home fires have felt pretty good, we're sure, out there in Washington as they have all over the country this past winter. Keith says a combination of old age, gout, and pleurisy have kept him from doing any theatrical work of late. Aside from those slight ailments he must be feeling quite well. Those "wooly little rascals", the sheep, are still engaging his interest. Keith decries the social prospects around "those parts" by which we are supposed to understand that he feels there is a dearth of eligible ladies. We always suspected Keith of misleading us about his romances, and still expect to see his name in bright lights on Broadway. Then we will say in awed tones: "We remember when he was a 4-H Fellow, and greeted us with 'Hey' when we came into his office."

1937-38

Double-Header: Winifred Perry, formerly County Club Agent, Montpelier, Vt.,  
and Kenneth Anderson, Service Director, National Committee on  
Boys and Girls Club Work, Chicago, Illinois.  
Now, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Anderson, 910 Reba Place, Evanston, Ill.

The Andersons are even now in the process of moving to a new, four-room apartment at the above address. Do you suppose more room is needed to accommodate the package carried by that "tot-toting" bird which we understand has almost reached Chicago in his westward migration? A topic of great interest in that household at present is furniture buying. We understand a choice has been made, -- 18th Century English, modified, homelike pieces. And Kenneth has become quite an expert on furniture. He can tell you all the points of Chipendale, Hepplewhite, and Duncan Phyfe, just like a veteran. And they do say



there may be real, homemade needlepoint on the Duncan Phyfe dining chairs. Winifred is a food fancier, too. She can put before a guest a finished fowl which is a fulfillment of the fine arts. Some day we hope to be sitting on one of those chairs adorned with needlepoint (the chairs, not we, wearing the needlepoint), eating some of that toothsome turkey. Of course we have been invited. You don't think we would invite ourselves, we hope. And as for the head of the Anderson household, you know he is Service Director of the National Committee on Boys and Girls Club Work, which job alone would keep most people altogether occupied. But this Mr. Anderson finds time to be President of the Chicagoland South Dakota State College Alumni Association, and he probably has a hand in a lot of other things we know nothing about. Besides, Kenneth finds time somehow to do a "spot" of writing, and it's real writing, too. Winifred, have you learned how to make rum rolls without danger of the Whiteribboners showering you with tracts, or Kenneth having to carry a pocket of breathkillers?



1938-39

Blanche Brobeil, Assistant State Club Leader, Ames, Iowa.

Blanche is very clever with marionettes. Not only does she make them, but she manipulates them well. Just as dexterously as she works the strings on her animated little figures Blanche acts as Assistant Puppeteer of the





One girl dances, another sings,  
Blanche is gifted in pulling  
strings.

strings in Iowa Club Work. She has personally contacted club girls in more than half of Iowa's 100 counties through camps, county achievement days, panel discussions, and banquets. Blanche writes us a sort of veiled threat or promise to have something more startling to contribute to a future issue of "Growing Paynes." The good ship Romance

again bound for the port of Matrimony, we are sure.

Max Culp, Special Club Agent, LeNoir, N. C.

Busily engaged in writing a letter to Max the other day, we sensed a presence and looked up to see, -- Max, himself. The figure was much too unwraithlike to be anything but Max in person. We were mighty glad to see him. "Everything is moving along fine" he reported, concerning his club work in Kinston County. Max has organized 21 new 4-H clubs, with a total enrollment of 701 boys. Of late Max and Polly have been acreaccruing and have their eyes on some suitable acreage. Already the fertile mind of Max sees on the fertile fields of Culpland sturdy rows of tobacco in the sun; meadows waving their green banners before the North Carolina breezes; hale horses and contented cattle roaming; and portly porkers grunting in their pens, with their ancestors hanging in spicy rows from the beams of the smokehouse. It has been our good fortune in the past to sample the Culp brand of ham, and it is really "ham what am." Polly is still a provendor paragon, we know. One look at Max tells us that.



1939-40

Lillian Murphy, Home Demonstration Agent, Vigo County, Terre Haute, Indiana.  
Present 4-H Fellow

Such a busy person is this Murphy girl. She is a firm believer in the old adage, "Work while you work, and play while you play", and she does each wholeheartedly while she is at it. When working, such a thing as play does not exist for her, and when play-time comes, she has never heard of work. Just now Lillian is engrossed in her thesis problem, "Radio in 4-H Clubs". Back in Hoosierland Lillian and the women of her county carried on a great deal of work by means of the radio, taking their set in the kitchens where the women were actually doing their daily tasks, and broadcasting from there. When Lillian is missing you will find her draped around the nearest radio listening absorbedly and taking notes; or perhaps there she will be standing before the "mike" doing a "spot" of broadcasting, herself. "Microphone Murphy, the Bright Hope of the Hoosier Dials", that's Lillian.

Wilmer Bassett, Lake County, Monticello, Florida.  
Present 4-H Fellow

Wilmer left an assistant county agency in Lake County, Florida, to come here for ten months of added agrarian attainments. His wealth of winning warmth is being given us in return. A good trade, "we calls it." Wilmer's long-cherished ambition to see a good snow was realized this winter, and he made snowballs to his heart's content. He had to wear an overcoat a great deal this past winter, and a hat, too. Wilmer and hats have had very little to do with each other in the past. Wilmer was so unused to wearing them that his was left here and there, and had to be retrieved by friendly persons who were looking after his sinuses. Wilmer has a "pet peeve" at the goings-on here in Washington, and that is the way these Capitol cops insist on telling him how to drive



in the city, where and when to turn, and especially how and where to park. But he has a solution for this as for all his problems. He just lets Lillian do the driving. Then if anything goes wrong he can just say like another man we have heard of, "The woman did it." When he returns to his work in Florida, Wilmer will direct the West Florida State 4-H Club Camp Timpoochee on Choctaw-hatchee Bay, Okaloosa County. Wilmer's always expansive smile has been more so than usual since a very charming young lady from the "Deep South" came up to spend Easter in Washington. And didn't we see a very new and very sparkling circlet on "honey-chile's" left hand, and haven't we been hearing whispers of a Caroline and Wilmerger in the late summer?



## Little Twinges From the Paynes

It seems a long time ago that we "re-uned" together, doesn't it? We surely did miss you, and you, and you, -- Esther, Andy, and George, but we had a good time, anyway, and are so sorry you missed all the fun. We did some picnicking, some breakfasting, and some lunching together, and on several occasions we went to the Club Camp then in progress. Oh, yes, we wrote a book, too, but we haven't seen it since. It must have "died a-borning."

Even the intense heat of the day didn't spoil our pleasure in the lovely luncheon we enjoyed in Mrs. Bolton's garden. Since that time we have been saddened by the passing of her husband, the Honorable Chester C. Bolton. His place in the House of Representatives has been taken by his wife, and we applaud the gallant manner in which she is carrying on.

Again approaches the summer-school season. Soon we shall be making enemies of the folks in the mimeograph section, packing bushels of books and mimeographed material, and seeing Miss Gallup, Mr. Joy, Dr. Frutchey, Dr. Shinn, and "Papa" Wilson, each with a lofty mien and the light of conquest in his eye, depart for a time, filled with a firm purpose to further extend extension.

Mr. Noble of the National Committee on Boys and Girls Club Work has been in several times, and Lillian and Wilmer have greatly enjoyed visiting and lunching with him on these occasions.

Mr. Evans sandwiched a little visit with us in between some radio hearings in the city, recently. We were so glad to see him.

We have another "hey man" in the office. Wilmer greets us when we go in his office just like Keith Jones used to do, with a cheerful "Hey".

We bet you didn't know that Mrs. Julia Barry of the Surveys and Reports Section has a young son. He's a big boy now, -- five months old on the 30th of April, and his name is "Billy."

And for fear you haven't heard, we're telling you now that Johnny Leech, Buford's little son, has a baby sister almost seven months old, and her name is Claudia.



That Easter bonnet Lillian bought  
Is just as smart as you'd expect it.  
But who in the world would ever  
have thought  
That "Hatless Bassett" helped select it.

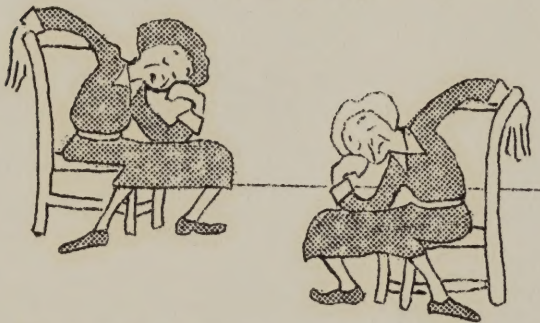


What a busy office we have these days. If each day were twice as long and we had twice as large an office force, things would just about come out even. The "machine age" has descended upon us, and back in one corner of the file room are installed a card-punch machine, a sorting machine, and a tabulating machine, at which Miss Fechtmann and Mr. Leech are already presiding. And oh, the surveys we are making and planning to make. Confidentially, we are soon going to make a survey to find out what causes surveys.

Here's the way we look at 9:00 a. m.



Here we are at 4:30 p. m.

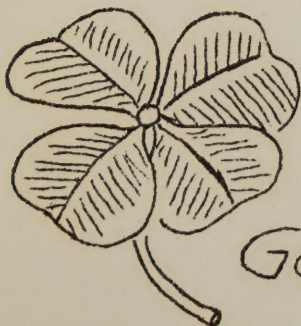


Now please, all you "Paynes", let's hear from you. If you don't write and keep in touch with us we will call you "Headaches" as well as "Paynes", and we shall have to use our imagination in telling about you. You may turn a page and find that you have held up the B. and O.'s crack streamliner, or that it's just come to light that you are the right-hand man of Public Enemy No. 1. If you have any ideas, put them in action by sending them to us, and we'll see that they get around.

Until the next time we meet in these pages, we will say "cheerio", "happy landings" and all the rest of those things which after all just mean

Good Luck,

*Aunt George*  
( Aunt George )



*Good Luck*



